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ROMANCE, THE GAMBLE, AND THE GREAT STAKE.

In trying to straighten out my own rather vague ideas about realism, the other day, I stumbled on a discovery. It wasn't anything new to human thought, I suppose, but it was new to me—the feeling me, if not the thinking one. It was simply the discovery that the important and sensible thing I ought to be about was not contrasting realism and romance, but contrasting true realism and false realism, true romance and false romance. I seemed to see for the first time that there is about as much sense in putting realism and romance in the scales together as in balancing a side of beef against a bale of eiderdown. No question of competitive merit is really involved. One commodity may be more important than the other, but you cannot fairly say that one is more legitimate than the other, or that one can take the place of the other. So I came to the comforting and perhaps obvious conclusion that we need them both in our business of living,—the interpretation of character in action which is true realism, and the high illusion which is true romance. When realism has suitably embodied life, do we not still need romance to give it glamour?

Now glamour is most readily to be achieved by appeal to the remote, in time or place or both. You may, it is true, have a treasure buried in your woodshed, or a secret cupboard bricked into your chimney. But the past with its quaintness is a safe and inexhaustible background. In the lost land of costume, at least, it is possible for all absurd, desirable things to befall. Next-Door Jones may have had strikingly romantic adventures on his way to his office, but he finds difficulty in investing them with glamour: he doesn't look or sound the part. Creased trousers and a pot hat may be the current uniform, the accepted livery of our service to the world of fact and every-day. But it is a good deal easier to make a credible hero of Jones by throwing him back a century or two—rigging him out with doublet and hose, or glaive and morion, or queue and knee-breeches, or

even stock and gaiters. In pursuit of romance the costume novel, like the costume play, quite naturally and legitimately follows the line of least resistance. A good many years ago I went to see an excellent company in "She Stoops to Conquer." The Marlow pleased me particularly,—a graceful fellow, master of his limbs and his sword and his ruffles and his lines,—the Marlow of my dreams. The next night I was to see the same company in a modern play, and I looked forward with not a little confidence to my Marlow man in his new rôle. Alas, he was a pitiable object, his fine calves wasted in their clumsy modern swathings, his manner finicking and ineffective, his action even clumsy. I got the impression of a man hampered and embarrassed,—Marlow awkwardly disguised as Next-Door Jones. The truth is, that young actor needed the grace of costume and accent to set him at ease, to release his spirit from the bondage of yesterday's tailor and to-day's haberdasher, and to give it the freedom of the city of romance.

I think the great romancers have most of them been like that—Scott and Dumas and Hawthorne, for example,—or, for a current instance, Mr. Maurice Hewlett. They have dealt most successfully with the past because it was only with the aid of the past that they could capture their glamorous vision, achieve their fine illusion. Realism shows us what we are and what we mean; but it is romance which gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

Of all airy nothings, perhaps the most reprehensible and the most engaging is the spirit of the gamble. In sober moods we agree that for the most part, in the fortunes of this world, men reap what they sow, get "what is coming to them." But as natural men, as those children of larger growth for whom romance prepares its cheering potion, we do not cherish the admission. We prefer to stow it away, among various uneasy doctrines, in the wooden bosom of that handy repository, Man. It is just the kind of thing to keep in that kind of place. We can take it out now and then, and look it over and say how well preserved it is, and put it back with perfect confidence that it will stay put till called for. Murder will out, and man is the contriver of his own fortunes, and figs cannot be gathered from thistles or pears from an elm-tree. But the wind bloweth where it

listeth, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the rain descends upon the unjust as well as the just. A less salutary form of truth, this latter, but it is only Man who can be always thinking of his health: He has no palate.

"Happiness" means good luck; and the natural man is content to have it so. When he parts with you he does not ask heaven to bless you according to your deserts; he wishes you luck. He would not give over-much for life without its savor of chance. Unless she offers him fortune, religion herself is a dingy business.

Take away his miracle, and you leave him with a mess of theories,—too plain a dish for him to relish, though he may contrive to swallow it. One miracle he never tires of: that miracle which, we are told, may happen to any of us. Morally, men make their own beds and must lie upon them. But the natural man believes, or longs to believe, in a power capable of lifting him heavenwards, bed and all, like the man in Holy Writ. The Reverend Billy Sunday knows what he has to reckon with when he calls his thousands to repentance and a place under the spotlight. The *πῶς οὐκ* of all Reverend Billies is their ground of converted sinner. How thrilling to hear what a reprobate the prophet was before the wonderful unexpected thing happened! Conversion—stupendous bit of luck—windfall of almighty grace! Salvation—a bonus, a prize, a sublime fluke, the thing men covet most and longest—something for nothing! No faith based on this cheerful article can be lacking in romance: what else was it that gave fatness to the lean religion of the New Englander or the Scot?

But art? Well, of course the graver art, the art of interpretation, busies itself, not with windfalls and sudden transformations, but with an orderly development of character and action. But the art of romance, of illusion, of diversion from reality, has no such business. Shakespeare knew that by summarily converting his two wicked brothers in Arden, he would not be making them absurd,—he would be investing them with a special kind of charm. Romance at least is honest—she makes no bones of her dependence on the fluke. You may joke her on her free use of chance, the long arm of coincidence, or what not. She knows better than to be laughed out of it. What would you give her instead?

—the short thumb of probability, with its neat and dull little rules? Heaven forbid! If we are to get nothing better than a row of orderly occurrences, spare us your pains, well-meaning story-teller. Character? It's neither here nor there,—though of course if you want to try to make us believe in your people, go ahead. Action? By all means, if you don't mean by that mere logical events. What we want is incidents, happenings: let things befall, don't bore us with outcomes. Things are eventuating all about us, and we're tired of them. Give us *adventure*, the fortune Chance fetches, the thing (see dictionary) that is coming to us.

An honest romancer has this plea always in his ears. It gives him no uneasiness. He knows we are not demanding prodigies of him. The cruder appetite for a thrill on every page he can afford to ignore, the more generous craving he cannot and need not. It is a vicarious business. We ask him to treat his own people handsomely in the long run; that being understood, he has a clear road before him. If he has the trick of handling, he may safely reduce the unexpected to formula. When our hero is assailed by ten villains in a dark alley, our fear for him is the perfectly tolerable fear of an exciting dream. It costs us nothing. We know we shall be comfortably awake presently, and our friend Tom the ex-Yale halfback, or our friend Sir Drivel of the Brand-new Spurs, will be safe out of the late unpleasantness with nothing worse to show for it than a wound or two of the self-healing kind: "The ethereal substance closed, not long divisible." Thousands of years ago the human race constituted itself a committee of the whole for the Protection of Romantic Heroes.

And this brings us to the compromising fact that the gamble is not a square one. The dice are loaded, the wheel has a secret brake, to our advantage. The goddess of fortune has no chance at all against us. And there is no denying that this goddess as pictured by romance is often a plump and earthy person. Though money be dross and rightly despised by moral Man, romance reminds us that it still glitters for our delight. And under the guidance of romance we may safely pursue it, daring the sea sharks about the treasure-laden coral reef, or the land sharks about the green tables of Monte Carlo. There is the dead hand, too: it can make only

feebly hostile demonstrations against us. Doubtful wills, long-lost heirs,—the whole field of inheritance with its cloth of gold lies open to us. Certain quaint survivals in British family usage are of incalculable value to the story-teller. Entail and male succession still make possible the most romantically satisfying stock situation in modern life. A fortune plus a title—here we have the *summum bonum* of the fate genteel, the grand prize in the gamble of material fortune. Democracy offers nothing like it—unless, as in the instance of a Little Lord Fauntleroy or a T. Tembarom, it offers everything. No doubt there are always a few American citizens who stand a chance of fauntleroying into a British title and estates. But the kind of truth that is stranger than romantic fiction is, after all, too rare for impressive tabulation. We suspect the average Yankee has his chances of British succession "figgered pretty close."

But why stress the dingy material side of romance? Isn't it love that makes the world go round? Yes, but here too the cynic may cap us with his counter-saw, since what is it but money that makes the mare to go? Even the romance of simplicity is lighted by that yellow reflection. Love in a cottage has the charm and piquancy of a paradox. If we did not secretly believe it a desperate thing to scorn wealth, what romance would there be in the act of scorning? Therefore, despite a recent tendency in favor of proletarian heroines, the daughter of the rich holds her own pretty well with the romancers. For there is always the poor and noble youth to pair her off with. She may effect a minor thrill by threatening to cast away her all for his sake—as he may by declaring that he can never, never marry an heiress. But we are reasonably confident that neither of them will be so inept when the time comes; and the romancer who knows his business sees to it that they are not. Otherwise he might as well be a mere novelist.

But the glamour of gold that shall be won, the glamour of adventure and of battle, the glamour of love, calf-love victorious and undying,—these are only manifestations of the larger glamour of youth—youth blood, youth hope, youth folly. Youth cares nothing for subtleties of character and action, so why should romance? Youth cares for things, for acts, for types, for dreams—above all for

itself. Therefore romance commonly begins and ends with the business of being young, ardent, striving, successful; with the business of reaching goals,—the goal of wealth, the goal of fame, the goal of mating. When a man has reached or definitely failed to reach these goals he may as well be dead, as far as youth or romance cares. It is this sublime and innocent egotism which middle age knocks out of us, and which, in certain moods at least, we sorrowfully regret. I have heard men say they wished they could live life over, school days and college days particularly. Sometimes they wished it because they thought they might make a better job of it in one way or another; sometimes, it seemed to be simply a longing, or a theory of a longing, to live things over literally, to have one's cake again. I doubt if it is much more than a theory in most instances: I for one would not be a child again, or a boy again, or a calf-lover again, even "just for to-night." And yet it is good for age to be reminded of youth, now and then, as something more than a mere object of discipline or condescension. And romance so reminds us. Sentimentalism smeared us with syrups,—it tries to divert us from solid fare by cloying us with sweetmeats; and cheap romance is always encumbering itself with sentimentalism. But true romance, high romance, is not a jelly or a condiment. A real if primary and vague idealism informs it. Youth has faith, if only in luck, if only in desire, if only in the man at the top; and romance bears the standard of the faith. It bears, at its best, the standard of a higher faith—in chivalry, in selfless devotion, in aspiration for something nobler than good luck, or satisfied desire, or "success." It enwraps "life," half-conceals it from us in a golden mist. Illusion? Yes: the fruitful illusion of youth, the healing illusion which we can never quite afford to outgrow or outface, later on.

H. W. BOYNTON.

CASUAL COMMENT.

UTOPIA'S QUADRICENTENNIAL falls in this year of 1916, and we may picture to ourselves the people of that happy commonwealth as this summer celebrating, with pageants and oratory, music and dancing, and other forms of innocent jubilation, the four-hundredth anniversary of their country's birth in the brain of the gentle and cultured Sir

Thomas More. We will overlook the fact that "Utopia" was written some time before 1516, and as no one knows exactly when it was conceived in the author's mind we will unhesitatingly date the ideal republic's beginning in the year when, at Louvain (the place is notable), the political romance was first made public—naturally in the tongue of all European scholars of the time, Latin. How far we non-Utopians still fall short of the high standards, or of some of the high standards, maintained by the Utopians, becomes apparent on opening the book at almost any page. For example, gold is so little valued by these people that they show their contempt for its meretricious glitter by using it for making some of their meaner utensils, and an earring of gold is regarded as a badge of exceptional infamy. Silver likewise is mere rubbish in their eyes; "and thus they take care by all possible means to render gold and silver of no esteem; and from hence it is that while other nations part with their gold and silver as unwillingly as if one tore out their bowels, those of Utopia would look on this giving in all they possess of these metals (when there were any use for them) but as the parting with a trifle or as we esteem the loss of a penny!" A glimpse of the home life of him to whom the world owes this celebrated work is refreshing in these days. Erasmus in one of his letters has immortalized that happy household, wherein "none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle; the head of the house governs it, not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting."

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF A SERIOUS CALLING will be found in a modest pamphlet of twenty-two pages which the uninstructed might dismiss with a hasty glance and thereby miss an opportunity to prolong their lives with a hearty laugh. In a valedictory utterance intended for the people of Newton, Mass., but likely to find a larger audience, Miss Elizabeth P. Thurston, retiring librarian of that city, says in her yearly Report: "It is not necessary to remind you that a librarian must of necessity know everything: must be ready to dictate papers through the telephone to club members at a moment's notice,—and Newton has probably more clubs than any other city in the world. A librarian is called upon to give a synopsis of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy and the best receipt for doughnuts: readers wish to know who wrote Gray's 'Elegy,' how to find Bunyon's 'Paradise Lost,' or how to spell 'morage, that kind of a lake you see in the air.' Some little girl after having read 'Elsie's Girlhood,' 'Elsie's Motherhood,' 'Elsie's Widowhood,' says, 'Can I have "Elsie's Boyhood"?' A small boy of perhaps thirteen years, after wandering helplessly about the Reference Room for some time, asks for something on 'methodized reproductive invention,' for school use." But the Newton librarian is not for a moment perplexed by any of the inquiries;

for, as it is stated concerning the resources of that library, "there is no library that can be compared with it for constitutionalist ratiocination, for indefatigation of superinerrability — and perfection generally." Miss Thurston resigns her office after thirty-five years of highly successful discharge of its duties, and her going is cause of deep regret. Mr. Harold T. Dougherty, formerly librarian at Pawtucket, R. I., is her successor.

JOURNALISM'S INCREASING DIGNITY AS A PROFESSION during the last two decades cannot but rejoice the heart of all who hold that to contribute to the moulding of public opinion through the press is among the noblest of callings. Twenty years ago the school-trained candidate for a position in newspaper work was either an unheard-of being or, if not that, an object of mirthful derision. In no event was he to be taken seriously. Since then schools of journalism have arisen and prospered, and their number is growing. Their standards are being raised, and it is becoming clear that no training can be too good, too broad, too liberal, for those who are to furnish the people with the daily reading matter that with too many readers is their only reading matter. Illustrative of this tendency to recognize the importance of the journalist's work is the recent step taken at Columbia University in lengthening the course in its School of Journalism from three to four years, experience having shown that the education thought necessary for journalistic work cannot be given in less than the period required for obtaining a college diploma. Only a few years ago, as it now seems, the addition of a third year to the course in various schools of journalism throughout the land was hailed as momentous. Shall we before long see a fifth added to the now prescribed four years? Art is long, and journalism is no exception; yet practical considerations will set a limit to the time that can be given to preparation for even the most exacting art.

THE SOFT ANSWER THAT TURNETH AWAY WRATH has been discovered by the spelling-reformers. At an "entheuziastik" meeting of educators, further specified as the "Aneual Konferens ov Edeukai-shonal Asosiaishonz in the Euniversity of London," no less an authority than Professor Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., expressed himself, as reported by "The Pyoneer ov Simplifyd Speling," to the effect that the cause so dear to these reformers "woz not entyrl without referens to the grait strugel in which the kuntri woz engaijd. Thai wer aul ekspekting and heeping that, at the end ov the Wor, thair wood be kloeser eunion between diferent naishonz; at the veri leest sum duling and blunting ov the sharp and dainjerus ej ov nashonal feeling, sum kaaming ov that spirit ov nashonaliti which werkt az a dainjerus eksplø-siv and woz amung the kauzez ov the present dizaaster. Thai shood aim at maiking meuteul interkors and understanding eezier, and sees taiking a sort ov pervers pryd in nashonal oditiz and untelijibilitiz. It woz thair heep that the English

langwij wood be red and spoken az wydli az possible over the serfais ov the werld, and wun esenshal obstakel tu thair aim woz that forinerz lerning English had praktikali tu lern too langwijez — wun spoken and wun riten." How many would they have to learn if the various schools of simplified spelling should make any considerable progress in their several undertakings? In reading the foregoing quoted passage an unreformed speller is puzzled to account for the escape of "English" from molestation or mutilation at the hands of the reformers. One would have expected "Inglish." "Tu" and "too," for "to" and "two" respectively, might invite comment, especially in connection with "kood" and "book." There is food for mild mirth in the spellings "foolfilment" (of hopes) and "heepfool."

THE AUTHOR OF "SAFETY FIRST," the slogan now heard round the world, is said to have been the late Josiah Strong, whose recent death deserves more general notice than it has received. He devoted the greater part of his life and energies to the improvement of the condition of his fellow-men, especially the urban portion of his fellow-men. Such books of his as "Our Country," "The Challenge of the City," "Religious Movements for Social Betterment," "The New Era," "Expansion," and "The Times and Young Men" show clearly enough the causes that he had most at heart. For twelve years he was secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, resigning this post in 1898 to give himself more unreservedly to the "safety first" movement, organizing for this purpose the American Institute of Social Service. He was born at Naperville, Ill., Jan. 19, 1847, was graduated from Western Reserve College in 1869, and two years later from Walnut Hills Theological Seminary, Cincinnati. He was chaplain at Western Reserve from 1873 to 1876, and also instructor in natural theology and rhetoric. But before many years he was devoting himself to social service and writing books and articles in its interest. "Our Country" was translated into a number of foreign languages, and that with other books of his had a large circulation at home and abroad. More than three hundred thousand copies of works from his pen are said to have been sold in English-speaking countries.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR has arisen. It is nothing short of this: Shall the study of formal grammar in school be continued or dropped? Dr. Abraham Flexner has aroused considerable discussion by advising that formal grammar be no longer studied as a regular school course, such evidence as we possess pointing to the futility of this study as an aid to correct speaking and writing. This alleged utterance of his contains nothing to startle one in these days. The unconscious acquisition of grammar by reading the best authors and hearing the best speakers has long been held by many to be the only sensible method to follow in this department of learning, to which formerly so much attention was given that the name "grammar school" was used to denote the school immediately

below the high school. Now we hear of nothing but "grades." Parsing one's way through "Paradise Lost," or through the first book at least, was one of the severer intellectual exercises in the old-fashioned curriculum. No wonder the reading of the poem for the pleasure of it became something unheard of. But the old methods did seem to inspire more respect for grammar, for correctness in speech and writing, than the present comparative neglect of "formal grammar." All young pupils ought in some way to have impressed upon them the sinfulness (in an intellectual sense) of violating the rules of intelligible speech, the few principal rules that can be easily enough taught even to the very immature. Later a dip into the Latin language, or if possible some study of both Latin and Greek, will give a grasp of grammatical principles that will tend to make an observance of those principles almost second nature. But however it may best be done, there should be inculcated some sense of the fitness, the propriety, the ultimate necessity, of obedience to the rules of grammar. If something of formality, some little drill in formal grammar, is necessary to this end, let it be retained. . . .

BOOKS VERSUS BOMBS—with this alliterative heading we note the competitive struggle now in progress for the possession of rags. Rags have always entered into the composition of high-grade paper, the best paper being pure linen, the cheaper grades part linen and part something else, generally wood-pulp. At present the manufacture of high explosives—such explosives as wrecked the library at Louvain—is monopolizing the supply of rags, and the world's printing is more and more done upon cheap and perishable paper. In fact, the paper-makers seem to have retired from the contest, and the bomb-factories have it now all their own way, so sternly imperious are the ways of war. "The Library Journal," which has hitherto made a point of using only good and durable paper, largely composed of rags, announces its inability to secure its usual supply of such paper and the possibility of its issues for the next year or two being of such perishable material that a century or more hence its files will reveal a conspicuous gap marking the period of the Great War. It points out this possibility in more general terms, however, making it one that applies to all the literature of the present time; for the insane and disastrous conflict between books and bombs is nothing short of worldwide. . . .

FITTING THE VERB TO THE NOUN is often as nice a task as fitting the punishment to the crime. In the England of bluff King Hal and of good Queen Bess justice was satisfied with exacting the death penalty for all offences from minor delinquencies to deliberate murder; and in the English of most users of that language the sense is held to be sufficiently expressed if all events are made to "occur" or to "take place," if all expectations "materialize" or fail to do so, and if all those who are straining after success either "put it over" or "fall down." It takes much less time and thought, and it calls

for much less selective skill, to phrase our meaning in general terms than to put it into the verbal mold which it exactly fills, no more and no less. The first process is like thrusting the hand into a mitten, the second like fitting it neatly with a glove. Delane, the great editor of "The Times," devoted a large part of his editorial energy to the correction of inaccurate or slipshod expressions on the part of his subordinates. This insistence upon the right word for the given thought is referred to in Sir Edward Cook's recent life of the man who for thirty-six prosperous years guided the fortunes of London's leading newspaper. Dean Wace, one of his editorial staff, wrote of him: "I remember his being particularly indignant with the use of the slipshod phrase that a marriage, or a funeral, or a race, had 'taken place.' It was mere slovenliness of expression, he said, instead of saying that a marriage had been solemnized or a race run. He exerted a valuable influence in this way toward maintaining in the public mind a standard of correct English writing." Easy, as distinguished from nicely accurate, writing may not always be hard reading, but it is often what might be called drowsy reading as compared with that difficult writing in which the expression of the thought is as clean-cut and as clear as a crystal, and in which the exquisite fitness of each word sends a little thrill of delight through the reader of discernment, and keeps him ever agreeably on the alert. . . .

THE DEMISE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" after furnishing wholesome entertainment and no little instruction to thousands of readers for half a century, and to somewhat fewer thousands for nine years beyond the half-century, is cause for regret. With older readers this famous periodical is largely associated with scenes and events in the Civil War, and with Thomas Nast's war sketches and political cartoons, and later with the noble and commanding editorial utterances of George William Curtis and Carl Schurz. But what gave to the paper its enviable popularity with general readers was its generous and skilful use of the timely illustration, the cartoon and the caricature. When the Sunday newspaper acquired the same facility, and in lavishness outdid the pictorial attractions of "Harper's Weekly," the fate of the latter, though averted for a time, was inevitable. Not any marked decline in the periodical itself, but the turning of its patrons more and more toward the cheaper substitute, was the undoing of this famous publication. Not even a George Harvey or a Norman Hapgood could turn back the trend of things and restore the "Weekly" to its old place. . . .

A FALLACY OF THE TIMES would have the war-harassed world take comfort to itself in the fond hope that this bath of blood is a cleansing flood from which mankind will emerge with higher ideals and nobler aims. In literature there are to be no more decadent novels, no more sexual studies in the guise of fiction, no more morbidly introspective essays posing as wholesome tales. But is it not time that some of these regenerative effects

should show themselves in our current literature? Is the tone of our printed matter any higher than it was two years ago? Is it even as high? In England we hear of a "Rainbow Society" for the private circulation of such dubious productions as Mr. D. H. Lawrence's novel, "The Rainbow," said to have been visited with the censor's disapproval, and other similar works. In Germany there is reported to be an unprecedented circulation of vicious fiction. And everywhere the far from elevating, rather the brutalizing, realistic war-narrative is in eager demand. The London book-market is improving, is already notably brisker than a year ago; but it is the war-book and the cheap novel that bring in the shillings, not the noble and purified work of literature that was expected to mark the rebirth of a world baptized in blood.

A REALISTIC CONCEPTION OF EDUCATION, by which the pupil is imagined as climbing, not exactly a hill of knowledge, but rather a succession of flights of stairs, was prevalent some years ago among a portion of our uneducated southern population; and it may not yet have disappeared. In that recent notable autobiography, "The Black Man's Burden," its author, Mr. William H. Holtzclaw, who worked his way through Tuskegee Institute and became the founder and head of a similar school in Mississippi, alludes to this curious conception as follows: "Before I left home we had some peculiar ideas about what a 'college' (as we all called boarding-schools at that time) was like. We all thought it was composed of one immense building with, say, four stories, and that the first year you were at school you were placed on the first floor, and promoted from floor to floor until you reached the top floor, when you would have finished school. Exceptionally bright students might skip a floor. Well, it so happened that when I reached Tuskegee I was placed to begin with in the attic, and there was great rejoicing at home when I sent back the intelligence that I was on the highest floor. It was a confirmation of what the old folks at home had said,—I already knew enough without going to school." To know a thing "from the ground up" must have had a very real meaning to Mr. Holtzclaw's friends and relatives at home.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF JOHN CALVIN, credited to "a catalog 'made in Oregon' by a trained librarian" is just now promoting the gaiety, perhaps not exactly of nations, but of the readers of the magazine, "Public Libraries." In its current issue a chapter of a series entitled "Adventures among Libraries" makes mention of a catalogue entry under the Genevan reformer's name referring the reader to Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden." In that ever-enjoyable classic it is said of Calvin, as the above-referred-to anonymous writer points out, that "although he was of Maltese race, I have reason to suppose that he was American by birth . . . his antecedents were wholly unknown. . . . He preferred as his table-cloth on the floor, a cer-

tain well-known church journal. . . . He had no religious prejudices. . . . He could do almost anything but speak. . . . Mice amused him. . . . His conscience never seemed to interfere with his slumbers." Thus it seems that in his (or her) straining for completeness the Oregon person even included Mr. Warner's pet cat, named after (by about three centuries and a half) the celebrated contemporary and antagonist of Servetus.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"HAMLET" AND "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your correspondent Mr. H. S. Howard, in the issue of April 27, cautions your readers against "concluding that Bacon is not 'Shakespeare'" until they have decided by whom and why Hamlet's words, "Sense sure you have Else could you not have motion" were omitted from the 1623 edition of Shakespeare's works. He asserts, as Mr. Baxter did before him, that the erroneous belief that "in the absence of sense there can be no motion" was contained in the 1604 edition of "Hamlet" and in the 1605 edition of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," was omitted from the 1623 edition of the play, and was corrected by Bacon in the 1623 edition of his book. The explanation for this coincidence—if it be one—is very simple.

In the first place, Hamlet's words do not mean what Bacon's words mean. Hamlet, in his fierce upbraiding of his mother, wholly forgetting the obligations of filial piety,—this talking Lord always throws restraint and convention to the winds when he "accosts" the women he loves,—tells her she must be endowed with mental faculties else could she not have sensual desires. That the words "sense" and "motion" had the meaning we give them is proved by a very similar passage in "Measure for Measure" (I. 4, 57-59):

Angelo, a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth, one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

In "Othello" (I. 3, 333) "motions" is defined as "carnal stings," "unbitted lusts." Hamlet's words are true, and could not have been omitted from the later edition on the ground that their author no longer believed that locomotion without sense was impossible. For aught we know, Shakespeare never believed or heard of this absurd "classical" doctrine—if there ever was such a doctrine. Bacon did not credit the ancients with the belief that motion without sense was impossible, as Messrs. Howard and Baxter imply, but that motion "at discretion" was impossible without sense. The omission of the words "at discretion" makes all the difference in the world, as any one knows who has ever seen the antics of a freshly-beheaded chicken. Bacon made his meaning perfectly clear by adding the words "or sense without a soul" to the preceding "motion at discretion without sense"—words that the Baconians slur over. Had Shakespeare intended Hamlet to say what the Baconians would put into his mouth, he

must have added the words "at discretion"; without them, Hamlet's words can be understood to mean only one thing.

Why Shakespeare or the Globe stage-director or the Folio editors omitted the words in question is answered when we explain why some 220 other lines which appear in the 1604 Quarto have been omitted from the 1623 Folio. These cuts involve chiefly passages of a philosophical character, and were made because the play is too long for acting purposes and because these passages retard the dramatic movement of the action. It is not impossible that Shakespeare himself omitted some of these lines when he revised the play. That the reader may judge for himself how the dramatic effectiveness of this part of Hamlet's speech is improved by the omission of the italicized verses I append part of it:

At your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this [man] to this [man]? *Sense*
sure you have
Else could you not have motion:—but sure that sense
[i. e. judgment]
Is apoplex'd: for [even] madness would not [so] err,
Nor sense to ecstasy [i. e. madness] was ne'er so
thrall'd
But it reserv'd [i. e. retained] some quantity [i. e.
power] of choice,
To serve in such a difference.—What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Read the speech with the italicized lines and then without them. For the study, we want every word that Shakespeare put into Hamlet's mouth; but on the stage much can be spared.

Why is it, I wonder, that Baconians never stick to facts? Are they wilfully perverse, or are they merely obsessed? Here is Mr. Howard, who in all other respects may be "a piece of virtue," saying that I avoided answering the last part of Mr. Baxter's book "because it 'deals with ciphers,' etc." I refused (cf. THE DIAL, Dec. 9, 1915) to consider the latter half of Mr. Baxter's book because he there tries to prove that Bacon was Shakespeare without having first disproved, in the first half of his book, that Shakespeare was Shakespeare.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York, May 12, 1916.

MORE ABOUT "SPOON RIVER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of April 27 appeared a communication inspired by a few impressions of the "Spoon River Anthology" recently printed in these columns.

I agree with your correspondent that "Spoon River" needs no apologia. No one to-day would suggest a defence of the laboratory method. Many of us, however, have firm "personal convictions" that the laboratory method is unsuited to the high purposes of poetry. "Spoon River" is an excellent laboratory manual. I think we can classify it as good science,—a faithful tabulation of a certain type of psychological or physiological fact. As such it needs no apologia. I have no quarrel with scientific truth, but I do feel disgusted when the

wild-eyed iconoclast in his mad desire to improve the "accepted oracles of criticism" drags into literature, by the hair, a set of scientific facts which no more make good literature than the bull of Bashen could make good music. No one denies that "things do happen as they happen in 'Spoon River.'" Without questioning the valuable information of the things that happen in "Spoon River," we turn them over to the professor of psychology and the sociological investigator. There is a vital difference between science and art. The method of the first is analysis; but art does more than analyze and reflect life. When science has examined and classified its facts, its work is ended. Art may stoop to the results of science, but it uses them freely for the purpose of a higher synthesis.

Your correspondent clamors for a full recognition of life by literature. Truly, literature has partially failed when it does not turn all of life, the lights and the shadows, the good and the evil, to account. Literature must reflect life. This much and no more both psychology and the social sciences do; yet no one will call either of these art. Literature does more than merely reflect life,—its sublime function is to react upon life. It elevates life and informs it with a higher meaning. Emerson, Carlyle, Browning, Shakespeare are not great because they reflect life. The poorest drunkard in his "last delirium" can do that. They are great, and their writings are real literature, because they do what the drunkard does not do—they reanimate life, they modify it, they lift it above the level of analysis by pouring into it the fullness of their thought and feeling. Literature contributes something original to life. This is a distinction between art and science.

Too often art, and philosophy likewise, must endure the insolence of science. Too often in this skeptical world science has claimed the last word, and has trampled the rich things of the spirit in the dust. Its business is to analyze and to classify the facts of the material world. The function of art and of philosophy and of religion is to lead us deeper into the realm of the spirit. Here science must remain dumb. I object to those votaries of science who leave the outer porch to set up their brazen image in the inner shrine of the temple where poetry worships. Science has its legitimate field, but the nature of that field renders science inadequate to those needs of life which only poetry and her sister arts can satisfy.

We need not fear that truth will disappear from the earth if literature does not speak in vulgar accents. Truth has the happy faculty of caring for itself. Moreover, the type of truth demanded by your correspondent will be cared for by science. Rather should we be fearful lest the truth of poetry shall die. We can get any number of psychologists and sociologists,—the woods are full of them. It is the poet for whom we strain our eyes.

I deplore with your correspondent the "decadent sentimentality" which renders much literature disgusting. Nevertheless, we need not in denouncing this go to the other extreme. In a recent essay in THE DIAL occurred these excellent words; "I for one believe that reticence, in life and in art, is a

less corrupting influence than loose babbling. By all means let us tell our children all the essential facts of sex. But it does not follow that we need to introduce them into brothels, or even into our own bed-chambers." The writer of these sentences decries that frankness which has so arrogantly taken possession of recent life and literature. Literature as art must ever minister to the higher needs of man, to his feelings, thought, imagination, and to his sense of the good and the beautiful. It cannot do this by presenting evil in lurid pictures. At best, this is only negative; more often it is seductive. Literature can fulfil its higher mission by informing life with new vitality and with positive and original strength. It remains science as long as it merely reflects life; it becomes art when it recreates life.

By all means let us have careful and scientific investigation of the essential facts of life, but let not the fire-breathing iconoclast throw the dirty stuff in our faces and bid us call it poetry. Let us turn these facts over to the social and psychological analyst. He is equipped with the germproof uniform and the disinfectants and the smelling salts that are necessary in handling them.

"Spoon River" thoroughly analyzes and reflects a certain type of life; but I seriously doubt that it meets the requirement of "high seriousness" which makes poetry an art. As science, it needs no apology; as poetry, it needs some chloride of lime.

ORVIS C. IRWIN.

Loudonville, Ohio, May 16, 1916.

JAPANESE PALINDROMES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The subject of palindromes happened to come up in my class the other day. After I had given the most common English example, I asked for some examples of Japanese palindromes. This brought out specimens of three or four kinds: those which appear when written in the Japanese syllabary (*kana*); those in Chinese ideographs; those in Roman letters; and those in two of these kinds at one and the same time. A few of these examples may be cited here.

Sa-to To-sa (also read To-sake) is a personal name that makes a palindrome in both the Japanese syllabary and the Chinese ideographs. Mi-wa-ta Rin-zo, Ku-bo-deva Yassu-hisa, and Wata-nabe Watara are personal names that form palindromes only with Chinese ideographs (indicated by syllables), although in the last case there is a hint of the palindrome in the Roman letters. A-ka-sa-ka, the name of one of the districts of Tokyo, is a palindrome only when Romanized; and Ta-ba-ta, the name of one of our suburbs, is a palindrome only in Japanese. Ki-tsu-tsu-ki (wood-pecker) is another example. Ta-ke-ya ga ya-ke-ta ("The bamboo shop has burned") forms a palindrome in Japanese *kana* only.

There are two Japanese poems (of thirty-one syllables) that make good palindromes; but, being artificial, they do not make good sense, so I shall not attempt any translation thereof. The first one is called "Hatsu-yume," or "First Dream" (of the

New Year). It is written on a sheet of paper, folded in the shape of a ship, and laid under the pillow, as a charm to ensure a good dream. It reads as follows:

Na-ga-ki yo no
To-o no ne-mu-ri no
Mi-na me-za-me
Na-mi no-ri fu-ne no
O-to no yo-ki ka na.

It should be explained that *ka* and *ga* are written with the same character, with diacritical marks (in prose) to indicate the "muddy" sound of *ga*; and that *mu* and *fu* are interchangeable. So the poem is a better palindrome in Japanese *kana* than when it is transliterated into Roman letters.

The other poem is a first-class palindrome in the Japanese syllabary, as follows:

To-ku ta-ta-shi
Sa-to no ta-ka-mu-ra
Yu-ki shi-ro-shi
Ki-yu-ra-mu ka-ta no
To-sa-shi ta-ta-ku to.

Note how the verbal palindrome, "shi-ro-shi," forms the pivot, exactly in the centre. This poem was written by a famous scholar, Dr. Haga.

The Japanese syllabary lends itself admirably to the forming of palindromes.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, May 2, 1916.

MORE NOTES ON POE'S FIRST SCHOOL IN LONDON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As a postscript to my letter in your latest issue concerning Edgar Allan Poe's first school in London, two additional items which have since come to my notice may be of interest.

The school at 146 Sloane Street, Chelsea, kept by the Misses Dubourg, which Poe attended in 1816, was a small private house of ordinary type. It was erected about the beginning of the 19th century and was removed in 1885 to make way for the present building.

"Pauline Dubourg" is the name of one of the characters in Poe's tale, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." He took the surname, beyond doubt, from the list of his personal friends and acquaintances, precisely as he took the name of Bransby, the schoolmaster of Stoke-Newington, for his tale of "William Wilson." These autobiographical references in disguise make one wonder how many other instances, as yet undetected, may lie hidden in his pages.

Since the surname Dubourg is founded on fact, it is not, I think, unreasonable to assume that the Christian name Pauline goes with it. In other words, this family, all traces of which had been lost until a few months ago, now contributes three names to be henceforth associated with Poe's childhood in England,—Francis, presumably the father since he was the tenant according to the poor rate books from 1816 to 1822; George, the brother, who was Allan's clerk; and Pauline Dubourg, in fiction a laundress of Paris, in life Poe's school teacher in London.

LEWIS CHASE.

Columbia University Club, New York,

May 18, 1916.

The New Books.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "STAND-PAT" REPUBLICAN.*

When an American political leader of distinction, one who served as a governor of Ohio in the transitional eighties and as a Senator of the United States throughout the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt, who had a conspicuous part in the nominations of Blaine, Harrison, and McKinley, and had differences of national prominence with Hanna, Roosevelt, and Taft, writes at sixty-nine and "in retirement" his "Notes of a Busy Life," it is an event of importance to students of political history and of interest to all who follow with care the constantly changing politics of the nation. When the writer is Joseph Benson Foraker, the reader is assured a vigorous account including eulogies of countless Republicans, here and there a sparing comment upon a Democrat, and a frank acceptance of all that goes to constitute "stand-pat" Republicanism.

We were recently given the autobiography of an insurgent Republican, and somewhat later the account of certain phases of "the most interesting American"; but neither the first, which dealt largely with the personal politics of Wisconsin, nor the second, which gave us little more than a background of personal interest, revealed a great deal of Republicanism. It was left to Mr. Foraker to write a painstaking, if not impartial, political account of the more important developments within the Republican party in the period since the close of Reconstruction. These two bulky volumes are not in a class with the briefer recollections of John Sherman, Shelby M. Cullom, and Adlai Stevenson; although they have in common with these a large emphasis upon the personal element in political relationships. The only account of this period which one may care to use with Mr. Foraker's work is Mr. Herbert Croly's biography of Marcus A. Hanna; and where the editor of "The New Republic" has led in critical interpretation of the changing phases of Republicanism, Mr. Foraker excels in realistic presentation of the rough-and-tumble politics of the thirty years that followed the Civil War.

Enlisting as a private in 1862, when barely sixteen years of age, Foraker served through the war, marching with Sherman and acquitting himself with distinction on the staff of

General Slocum. He records General Sherman as saying, in substance: "Don't forget that when you have crossed the Savannah River you will be in South Carolina. You need not be so careful there about private property as we have been. The more of it you destroy the better it will be. The people of South Carolina should be made to feel the war, for they brought it on and are responsible more than anybody else for our presence here. Now is the time to punish them." Cherishing such a recollection, Mr. Foraker twenty years later became, in the words of ex-President Hayes, "popular with the hurrah boys." When charged in 1885 with waving the "bloody shirt," he answered that the shirt was undoubtedly bloody, but that "the Democratic hoodlums and thugs of the South had made it so." Later, in a joint debate with his antagonist in the gubernatorial contest, cheers and applause and election followed his sally: "While one Democrat was killing Lincoln another was trying to kill William H. Seward."

Serving as Governor of Ohio during Cleveland's first administration, Foraker was brought into great prominence as the exponent on the stump of the Republican party "that fought the war." He was a relentless critic of Cleveland. It was Foraker who, after Cleveland's famous order for the return of state flags, telegraphed a protesting former comrade-in-arms: "No rebel flags will be surrendered while I am Governor." In the midst of his second term as Governor, he went as a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1888. John Sherman was Ohio's candidate, and Foraker seconded the nomination. As it became evident that Sherman could not secure the nomination, two other Ohio men were widely discussed as possibilities,—Congressman William McKinley and Governor Foraker. It was charged at the time, and the charges have reappeared from time to time, that Foraker was not faithful to the Sherman candidacy. This was partly due to the presence in Chicago of the Foraker Marching Club of Cincinnati and partly to the effect of one of Foraker's earlier speeches in this convention. One correspondent wrote: "The effect of the speech was to make Governor Foraker the favorite of the convention. It was manifest he stood before it an ideal partisan, reckless of the censure of his enemies, proud of its achievements, and indifferent to every effect except that upon party success."

After several ballots without decisive result, the convention adjourned over Sunday. During this recess a message came from Blaine positively refusing the use of his name. The

*NOTES OF A BUSY LIFE. By Joseph Benson Foraker. In two volumes. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

pressure increased in certain quarters to break from Sherman. The latter, although in Washington, knew of this, and of the rumor that Foraker was being considered as a vice-presidential candidate by certain Blaine delegates. He telegraphed Foraker of his refusal to withdraw at that time. Foraker telegraphed in reply: "I have refused to allow my name to be mentioned by anybody for anything, and I do not think it will be mentioned in the convention; but if it should be, it will be without my consent or approval, and if I should be nominated it will be declined unless you should request me to accept." This telegram was sent on Sunday. "At two o'clock Monday morning," writes Mr. Foraker, "I was awakened by a delegation of Blaine men, among whom were Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia and Honorable Samuel Fessenden of Connecticut. . . They told me they had just come from a meeting of Blaine leaders, at which it was determined to throw the entire Blaine strength to me on Monday morning, if I would accept the nomination. . . I told them I could not and would not accept the nomination, no matter how cordially it might be tendered unless preceded or accompanied with the request from Sherman that I accept." The nomination went to Governor Harrison of Indiana, and Foraker's one opportunity was gone, although he received votes for the nomination in the convention of 1908. The reputation acquired in this convention remained his title to national prominence until he came to the Senate. In the meantime he had nominated McKinley three times, had written the Minneapolis platform, and "his face had become as familiar as that of Grant or Blaine."

Mr. Foraker has devoted his second volume to the period since the campaign of 1896. During twelve of these years he was in the Senate. To this period belong the disagreements with Roosevelt, particularly over the Brownsville affair, the sensational Hearst charges of 1908, and Foraker's final break with Taft. To the present reviewer, it seems that the second volume is less valuable, as a political record and a personal revelation, than the first. The reason may be surmised. Up to 1896, Foraker was fighting the battles within his party with weapons dear to him from a young and emotional association. Moreover, he led the forces of aggression. After 1896 he represented the old tradition,—he was "standing pat." The party tenets of the new age did not excite his approval. As a conservative he held attention by satire and ready grasp of questions that arose in debate. But he will be remembered in this period, it

is safe to say, for his aggressive campaign in behalf of the negro soldiers dismissed by Roosevelt. Into this cause he put his heart, and in doing so he was true to himself and the generation he typifies.

Of the reform campaign of 1876, the author writes: "No reforms were needed, but a fact like that never interfered with a reform campaign." Ten years later he was saying: "We Republicans are too old, have had too much experience, fought too many fights, and stand charged with too many responsibilities, to waste time listening to impractical teachings about theoreticalisms." This attitude was still dominant in 1904, when he wrote of an opponent: "Instead of representing railroads and corporations that were developing and carrying forward the great business interests of the country, which in the opinion of his nominator would have disqualified him for the Senatorship, he had a good general practice based on the quarrels of litigants, divorce suits and criminal cases, and that according to the same opinion, fitted him exactly for the public service." It is revealed repeatedly in these volumes that Mr. Foraker was, as he has been described elsewhere, "a proud, self-contained, and self-confident man whose nature it was to play a lone hand."

In the midst of his revelation of the intricacies and maladjustments of our political system there are flashes of the man as an observer of the play he frequently directed. Early in the administration of McKinley it was the wish of the President to appoint a certain Ohio man to a consulship at Manila. Mr. Foraker records McKinley as saying: "It is somewhere away around on the other side of the world. He did not know just where, and had not had time to look it up." Mr. Foraker comments that this was the first time (1897) he had ever heard of the Philippine Islands in such a way as to remember them. He recalls that it was one of his appointments while governor that placed William H. Taft, then a young man of twenty-nine, on the judicial bench in Cincinnati; and doubtless it was with some enjoyment that he included this newspaper comment upon Roosevelt, then a young man of twenty-four, in the Republican convention of 1884: "The person attracting the most attention was Roosevelt, who is a rather dudish-looking boy with eye-glasses and an Olympian scowlet-for-a-cent."

Although Mr. Foraker modestly feels that he "has written of past events in which there is no present interest," no student of American history and no thoughtful observer of our national politics can afford to ignore these "Notes of a Busy Life." EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

A MATURE VIEW OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.*

In his eightieth year, Sir Thomas Jackson has undertaken to supplement his "Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture" (reviewed in *THE DIAL* for October 16, 1913) by a companion work on Gothic architecture. The book shows the experience and mellowness of age without its dogmatism, and easily takes rank as the most important general work on the subject in English. As in the "Romanesque Architecture," the author discusses only buildings which he himself has seen,—which here include all those of first importance within the field covered by the title,—and illustrates them by preference from his own inexhaustible sketch books. The method followed is an extended, but by no means complete, description of these buildings,—arranged within each country in a generally historical order, and accompanied by technical and historical introductions and a running commentary of artistic criticism. Although thus doubtless conceived as a general history of Gothic architecture, the book proves to be rather a vehicle for the presentation of the experiences and the views of a man whose professional contact with the subject matter is wider, and whose critical views are in this regard more broadly based, than those of any other man now living.

The deficiencies of the work are those of its predecessor—in common, it must be confessed, with most writings in English on the history of art. They arise from the general confusion of thought regarding the application of historical methods to the treatment of artistic subjects, and regarding the categories of historical and critical writing. These matters are well understood in France and Germany, and it is time that we ourselves should understand them and so put an end to the hybrid and unsatisfactory books which, with their useless duplication of effort, are the bane of history and criticism alike. The modern principle is a scientific division of labor, made necessary by the vast multiplication of objects of historic interest and by the obscurity and intricacy of the ultimate evidences concerning them. Such a scientific method aims to substitute, in place of uncertain speculation on probabilities, the erection of an orderly historic edifice. The foundations consist of numerous monographic studies of the relevant monuments, and the multitude of obscure documents concerning them:

the superstructure, of studies in interpretation and in the combination of a few elements. Only when these foundations are laid, and this superstructure erected, can the crowning feature of all, the synthetic presentation of historical development, be attempted. Considerations of wise economy, as well as of clearness and adaptation to purpose, suggest that in such a synthetic view the detailed description of individual monuments, the attempt to weigh individual bits of documentary evidence, be suppressed, and that, on the other hand, the widest reference be made to the individual studies of previous writers and the most recent views and discussions in questions of interpretation.

The Benedictines of France in the eighteenth century and the German historians of the nineteenth realized this, and turned first, with self-sacrificing energy and pains, to the minute study of the ultimate facts, which is so ignorantly spoken of as "German scholarship." Ignorantly, because the practitioners have well understood that it is not the whole of scholarship, and have been the first to reap the fruit of their own earlier efforts. There have arisen fresh interpretations and fresh syntheses, which have the novel merit of resting at every point on a complete and logical substructure. In the construction of such an historical edifice, critical judgments, whether moral or artistic, have no place. Their place is another and not less honorable one, lying in the realm of ethics or æsthetics, but not of history. If the function of the critic, like that of the historian, is understood, it will be recognized that it is safest to practice the two independently, though both may conceivably be practiced by the same person.

In the study of Gothic architecture an enormous quantity of minute research has already been done. Satisfactory interpretations of many of its single phases exist, and possibly the time is ripe for at least a provisional synthesis, either historical or critical. Such an historical synthesis has been recently attempted, a trifle hastily, by Mr. Arthur Kingsley Porter in his "Mediæval Architecture"; and something of the sort, written with fuller personal knowledge of the monuments, one might have hoped for in a new book with the title and obvious purpose of Sir Thomas Jackson's. As an alternative possibility, one might hope for a book devoted to artistic interpretation and criticism, likewise presupposing the establishment of the details of historic fact by others.

It proves that in Sir Thomas's book we have neither of these things in purity, but a mixture of criticism and historical general-

* *GOthic ARCHITECTURE IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND ITALY.* By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson. In two volumes. Illustrated. University of Chicago Press.

ization, cumbered with a wealth of descriptive detail and of first hand observations on individual points. The author defends himself in his preface against critics who complained that his descriptions in the earlier book were not complete. As the material is easily accessible elsewhere, he would have been wiser to omit detailed descriptions altogether. The many fresh points of detail noted in regard to English buildings, on the other hand, might best have formed the subject of treatment in a briefer independent work. We might then have had in more convenient compass the admirably clear historical introductions and summaries, or the equally admirable exposition and sane artistic appreciation. Freed from his unnecessary burdens, the author might thus have found time to enrich his generalizations by reference to the views of such important writers as Mâle and Brutails, who seem to have lain outside the field of his reading.

After allowance has been made for the confusion of genres, and the resulting failure to achieve fully the merits of any one, we find, nevertheless, that Sir Thomas has made notable contributions alike in personal observation of individual facts, in historical interpretation, and in artistic criticism. The additions to our knowledge of detail fall almost entirely in the field of English Gothic, especially in the numerous cases of buildings with which Sir Thomas has been professionally connected. The practical observations on the effects of thrusts by vaults and flying buttresses, the establishment that there is no thrust at certain points, with other well attested conclusions, are corrective of current ideas too hastily adopted.

In historical interpretation the author renders his greatest service by setting right the question whether a specific structural system is the differentia of Gothic architecture. Mr. Charles H. Moore, the author of the best known general work on Gothic in English, has insisted that the name of Gothic must be confined to buildings showing the system of vaults with balanced thrusts, found especially in the cathedrals of the Ile-de-France. Mr. Moore's emphasis on the existence of a difference in structural principle between such buildings and others, which include the majority of later mediæval buildings outside of France, has been valuable. His restriction of the term Gothic to the first group, however, is certainly a wrenching of all usage; and the contention that the difference in structural system constitutes the chief point of division in the architecture of the Middle Ages is based on the assumptions of a previous gen-

eration, certainly untenable. It is as if one were to deny, as Ferguson did, that lintels and round arches could both belong in the Roman "style." All this has been repeatedly pointed out by reviewers of Mr. Moore's books, and by writers on English architecture; but the misapprehension can only be finally dislodged by a general book which shall replace Mr. Moore's as the most authoritative work on the subject in English. This Sir Thomas Jackson has now furnished.

It is really in the matter of artistic criticism, rather than of historical research or interpretation, however, that Sir Thomas's book makes its chief contribution. It is a signal evidence of his continued growth and intellectual hospitality that he is able at his advanced age to voice what one must feel, in most instances, are the critical judgments of the younger generation. While it is doubtful whether critical judgments of any generation will ever retain permanent validity, it is possible to believe that the constantly growing catholicity given us by increasing historical understanding of previous ages is really a tendency of progress. This tendency Sir Thomas carries on by his sympathetic treatment of long mistreated phases like Italian Gothic, Flamboyant, and Perpendicular. In these cases and others, there can be little doubt that he expresses the feelings of a multitude. With all its catholicity, of course, our age still has its purely intuitive favorites, differing from the favorites of even a few years ago. In his choice of these, Sir Thomas is still young. Thus, when he prefers the soaring ambition of Beauvais to the classical perfection of Amiens, the gorgeous façade of Rheims to the peaceful one of Paris, he is expressing that reaction against logic which seems to be the æsthetic temper of our own day.

The publishers have spared no pains to give the work a form which corresponds with the importance of the text. Light and fine textured English paper, wide margins, a legible type face and attractive vellum backed binding, with the multitude of excellent half-tones justify the not immoderate price set upon the volumes.

Personal in its composition of diverse elements and in its assemblage of individual observations; unnecessarily descriptive at times, yet always readable; clear and trenchant in historical exposition, though sometimes less concerned with flux than with static conditions,—Sir Thomas Jackson's "Gothic Architecture" has yet its greatest value as a representative of our newest critical appreciation.

FISKE KIMBALL.

THE GREAT SAGA OF IRELAND.*

It is only the apple tree in one's own back yard that remains neglected. Ireland is England's back yard. Its rich apples of saga and song are left to rot upon the ground unobserved.

Suppose a thousand-year-old treasure house in England had been dug up in 1914. The world war would not have prevented the monthlies, the weeklies, and even the dailies, from devoting columns to the wonders of bygone days thus revealed. There would have been pictures of the weapons and of the war chariots which we may imagine dragged into daylight from their long concealment, and there would have been thoughtful speculations upon the kind of people who built this house and laid away these treasures.

Suppose that not a treasure house but only a poem,—another English epic older than the "Beowulf," or another Greek poem resembling the "Iliad,"—had been discovered. Would there not have been intelligent and enthusiastic discussion of it, and would not by this time books have been written setting forth fresh ideas which the new epic had suggested concerning the life of our ancestors?

Why should stories translated from Irish meet with no more attention than if they had been brought out of Egyptian or of Gujerati? The Irishman, with his brothers, the Highlander and the Welshman, is nearer to the Englishman than anybody else. Even if English insular habits of thought ostracize Irish culture as belonging to the history of another island, no explanation exists for the neglect of Irish literature in the United States, where live more people of Irish descent than in Ireland itself. And yet the publication of Ireland's greatest saga, translated by Miss Faraday, in 1904, from the short version has not met with much attention,—perhaps partly because the shorter form of the saga is too rugged to be attractive to modern readers.

The *Táin Bó* (pronounced "thawn bo"), which is now for the first time completely translated from the longer form by Professor Joseph Dunn of the Catholic University at Washington, was actually written down in the manuscripts as we have them about eight hundred years ago. It must have been substantially composed fifteen hundred years ago, and the historical events with which it is connected must have taken place at the beginning of the Christian Era, when the Irish were not only pagan but were well nigh untouched by

influences from Greece and Rome. The *Táin Bó* is by several centuries older than the "Beowulf," far older than the oldest German poem, the oldest French epic, or the oldest Norwegian saga. It is the most ancient existing literary monument of any of the peoples who dwell this side of the Alps.

The *Táin Bó* is not an epic, but rather the materials for an epic. Like all the old Irish sagas, it is in prose, with every now and then a poem inserted. It is by no means a finished literary whole, even in the sense that we can say of "Beowulf" or of the "Niebelungen Lied" or of the "Song of Roland" that they are literary wholes. It was not written, as these were, by a cultivated artist who retold old hero tales in a skilful way and for a chosen audience. In the *Táin Bó* collected hero tales appear very much in their original form. Much of the art which it has is outrageously unlike any literary art with which we are familiar. It requires to be thrice translated to become intelligible to a modern reader. First, it must be accurately and completely rendered into English. This task Professor Dunn has accomplished in the volume before us. Second, someone with a voice and a prestige such as Matthew Arnold possessed must advertise it, get it talked about, and make its strange names familiar to readers. Finally, it must be explained and illustrated in a hundred ways: it must be retold in diluted paraphrases, and perhaps, if fortune smiles, it may serve as the inspiration for a modern poet who shall represent the old and yet be new. Professor Dunn's introduction is so good that one could wish it longer, but he has not thought it right to increase the size of his book. He has reserved explanation and comment for another volume, which the reader will be glad to note he has in mind.

Since a relish for story outlines is not common except among college professors and members of Chautauqua circles, no attempt will be made here to tell the story of the *Táin Bó*. Moreover, the plot of the *Táin Bó* is the simplest thing in the world: a cattle foray, and a war which ensued to recover the stolen herd.

The people of the *Táin Bó* were at a ruder stage of culture than the warriors of "Beowulf." They had not yet, like the English thanes, learned from Caesar's legionaries the use of helmet and coat of mail. Some of the warriors of the *Táin Bó* entered the battle stark naked. Warfare was conducted by a series of single combats between chosen heroes, exactly as in the "Iliad." If some time-machine could transport us to the year "one" in Ireland, we should certainly

*AN ANCIENT IRISH EPIC TALE: *TÁIN BÓ CÚALNGE*. Translated and edited by Joseph Dunn. London: David Nutt.

mistake Cuchulinn (pronounced "kuhóolin"), fighting from his two-wheeled chariot, guided by a faithful charioteer, for one of the warriors of Agamemnon. The machine gun of the *Táin Bó* battles was the scythed chariot, which is the same engine of war that is described for us in the "Anabasis" and in the Book of Judges. Sisera's "nine hundred chariots of iron," with which "he mightily oppressed the children of Israel," doubtless resembled those with which Queen Medb (pronounced "mave") broke the line of the men of Ulster. In some respects the Irish warriors were at a lower stage of culture than Hector and Achilles. Warriors carried about the heads of slain foes attached to their belts, like the Red Indian's scalps, or stuck them on posts outside the tent door to advertise their prowess. Perhaps the ancestors of all European peoples passed through such a stage of culture in their struggle through millions of years from the beast up to the man.

Yet the rough picture of the *Táin Bó* contains glimpses of a certain wholesome kindness and even courtesy which are hard to match in the more advanced civilization of the "Beowulf" or even of the "Iliad." Evidently the pagan Irish must be likened to children rather than to savages. A word led to a blow, to the flash of bloody swords, and then perhaps to a reconciliation and to a kiss for the survivors. Some of these bits of chivalry may have been exalted into prominence by those who wrote down the saga in Christian times. Cuchulinn and Ferdiad, sharing each other's food and medicine in the intervals of deadly conflict, and their charioteers sleeping beside the same fire, may be exceptional. But noble traits are clearly inherent in the saga. Cuchulinn will not slay women, charioteers, or unarmed men. As he is about to cut down Loch, his deadly foe, the latter asks that he may be allowed to fall forward with his face towards the enemy, and Cuchulinn grants his prayer,—"For 'tis a warrior's request that thou makest."

The King in "Beowulf" is descended from the gods, but remotely through several generations. Cuchulinn's own father was a god, and the divine parent enters one of the conflicts of the *Táin Bó* to give aid to his son. The men of "Beowulf" stood in awe of the marvellous monsters with whom they fought, but they were not superstitious about them. Beowulf seems to act by the cold light of reason, whereas Cuchulinn was led by impulse and by supernatural scruples. The supernatural prohibition *geis* (pronounced "gas") plays an important part in the action of the *Táin Bó*. A warrior must not drive his chariot toward

Tara with the city on his left hand, because that was forbidden by a *geis*. The whole army of Connaught must stop for a day because Cuchulinn had put a *geis* upon them not to advance till one of their number could make his chariot leap over an oak tree, as Cuchulinn had done.

If the *Táin Bó* is of great historical and anthropological interest, this is not saying, I hope, that its interest is inhuman. It is shot through with coruscating phrases which prove that the *filí* (men of letters), though they never gained the sustained power necessary to fashion into unity a long artistic work, were masters of many of the details of story telling. One of the commonest and most powerful of the narrative devices is the triad arranged in climax, as in the description of the arrival of the hero Cormac:

First came a great company of warriors with a powerful man at the head. "Is that Cormac yonder?" all the people asked. "Not he indeed," Queen Medb made answer.

Then came a second troop with better armor than the first. "Is yonder man Cormac?" all and everyone asked. "Nay, verily, that is not he," Medb made answer.

Then came the greatest troop of all, and their spears were as long as the pillars of the King's house. "Is that Cormac yonder?" asked all. "Ay! It is he this time," Medb answered.

The choice and arrangement of words in the Irish narrative are often wholly admirable. Thus for example, when Queen Medb explains why it took her so long to choose a husband: "I desired," she said, "to wait, for I must have a husband without avarice, without jealousy, and without fear."

Nor is the *Táin Bó* as a whole without a rough sort of unity. The reader notes a progress in the series of single combats of which the saga is largely made up. They are at first gay and bombastic in their character, but become gloomier in tone, until they culminate in the tragic and terrible battle of the closing pages.

Professor Dunn has kept his translation readable without sacrificing faithfulness to his original. I cannot pretend to have compared his translation with the twelfth century manuscripts which contain the Irish tale,—although this would now be possible, since the Newberry Library in Chicago numbers facsimiles of these famous manuscripts among its treasures. I have, however, compared in several places his English with the Gaelic original as printed by Windisch (*Irische Texte, Extraband*, Leipzig, 1905), and with Windisch's German version, and have noted no variations worth recording.

The *Táin Bó* in its new English dress will find its place on the shelves of every great

library alongside the ponderous volume of Windisch, which it supplements and makes usable for English readers. It would seem that every library which includes the epics of England, Germany, Rome, and Greece should welcome this epic of Ireland, and every Irishman who can afford it should buy the book for himself—certainly every Irishman who cares for the wonderful story of his native land.

ARTHUR C. L. BROWN.

A NEW HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

In a famous phrase, Brunetière has defined the essential trait of French literature as the social spirit. One manifestation of this characteristic is the undisputed precedence held by the French in the art of giving artistic form to erudition. A striking example is the great "History of France," published under the general editorship of Professor Lavissee. As invaluable as charming to students of history, the work has proved rather too long for the general reader. A warm welcome should therefore be extended to a shorter work in this field, modelled on the same lines, to be issued under the direction of M. Funck-Brentano. The first volume to appear in English (the second of the series) is "The Century of the Renaissance," by M. Batiffol. The French title of the complete work, "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous," defines its purpose. Each volume is the work of a specialist, but the general public is always kept in view. If the remaining volumes equal the first in interest, the enterprise should be a distinct success.

Following the custom of Lavissee's History, M. Batiffol has added much to the charm and vividness of his narrative by the frequent citation of picturesque phrases and characteristic comments from the memoirs of contemporaries, letters of ambassadors, or the utterances of the protagonists themselves. Among the latter, Henry IV's *bons mots* naturally hold a prominent place. Besieged by partisans demanding vengeance on former enemies just after his accession to the throne, he replied: "If you said the Lord's prayer every day with real sincerity, you would not talk as you do." An effective use of such citation is the title of the first chapter, "Smoke and Glory of Italy," borrowed from Commynes, who also observes of the first of the Italian invasions that if it had not proved a disaster from the start the reason was

"because the expedition had been guided by God, and owed but little to the good sense of the leaders." M. Batiffol is not one of those who overestimate the effect of these invasions on the subsequent development of French civilization, and we occasionally feel inclined to wonder whether he has done justice to the influence of Italian culture.

The history of this period is a most complicated one, but the author has succeeded by the suppression or careful choice of detail in giving a picture at once lucid and calculated to make a lasting impression. The brief but vivid narrative of great battle scenes and the striking character sketches of the actors in the drama hold the attention of those who seek primarily the panorama of history. The reader's curiosity is whetted by the acquaintance thus offered with princes and statesmen, and he follows eagerly the more sober business of history which explains the milieu and the superficially less imposing problems with which these men had to deal.

Considerable attention is paid to the development of the fine art and letters. The treatment of the latter is perhaps the least satisfactory part of the work. One feels, for instance, that scant justice is done Etienne Dolet, "a learned printer of Lyons who was a sceptic and an atheist. He printed and hawked heretical books, which led to his being arrested and tried. . . . The Parlement sent him to the stake." With that, and a bit of Calvin's thunder against him, he is dismissed. Again, there does not seem to be sufficient recognition of Italian influence in the work of the Pléiade. We hear nothing of the debt of their manifesto to Italian sources. Of the "Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française," we read: "Du Bellay's ideas . . . were productive of three results: an imitation which grew closer every day, till it amounted almost to plagiarism, of the ancients; the bestowing of a more and more rigorous classical education on the rising generation; and a contempt for the so-called barbarous works of the Middle Ages." The statement of the first result seems unhappy, as the slavish imitation of the ancients characterizes especially the earlier work of the Pléiade; the second and third seem overstated, as on these points the doctrine of the Pléiade is merely one expression of the humanistic revival.

The work of the translator is, with a few minor reservations, highly commendable. One point that may lead to confusion is the constant use of the word "pounds" in pecuniary calculations. If the original reads "livres," it would perhaps have been better to retain that word with a note explaining the approxi-

* THE CENTURY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Louis Batiffol; translated from the French by Elsie Finlmore Buckley, with Introduction by John Edward Courtenay Bodley. "National History of France." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

mate value of the coin, which has varied greatly.

The complete index, and the bibliographies of sources and general works at the end of each chapter, are noteworthy features of the book.

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Some may have turned to Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's "Come Out of the Kitchen!" with the thought that they were to get something about the value of woman in spheres other than the domestic. Of course there are not many at present who really feel that woman's sphere is absolutely the kitchen; still, that term might as easily stand for the old-fashioned conception as the oft-quoted (but doubtless rarely true) utterance, "My mother could have made a better pie." So a book by Mrs. Miller with this engaging title might obviously have sociological or even political significance. Such readers, however, have been disappointed in any such idea, for Mrs. Miller's book is a Romance and not a Novel with a Purpose. Whatever disappointment there may be on the part of some, there are others who will be glad of this.

I should myself think that the book was not a romance, but an extravaganza, of much the same kind as a number of others of the present day. The writer takes a perfectly possible but highly improbable supposition, and then gravely follows it through all sorts of permutations and combinations. I believe "Robinson Crusoe" was one of the first books of this sort, and there have been many since. It is clearly possible that a man should have been shipwrecked on a desert island, because there was Alexander Selkirk and his narration. Perhaps that was even more possible than that a gentleman should lease a fine old Southern mansion in delightful hunting country, and find that four extraordinary servants went with the house. Why not have servants go with the house, and why not have them extraordinary? In such circumstances would there not be plenty of occasion, too, for one to say things of value, concerning the position of servants, of woman, and of other such matters? Mrs. Miller does not wholly waste her opportunity: there are some very amusing conversations between these extraordinary servants

(especially the cook) and their employer, in which appears that attractive form of irony possible when the author and reader know more than the characters. But any attempt to give Mrs. Miller's work a sociological or political character would fail if based on such passages, for they are not many and only show a general common sense applied to domestic affairs.

I believe one cannot recommend Mrs. Miller to the reader in this case better than as having written an amusing book that seems to have little but its amusingness to recommend it. It is a pleasing interlude among the many ferociously serious pieces of fiction of the year, whether that seriousness come from profound studies in sociology or hectic labors of the imagination,—whether it be a novel "that makes one think" or one that lifts one to undreamed-of heights of shimmering, entrancing, vital imagination. It is amusing in its kind and better than many others, for it gives a chance for tact, ease, imagination, and humor, all of which qualities Mrs. Miller has, in quantity indeed far greater than her present work requires. It is only on some such ground that a sour-faced carper and kill-joy might find fault with her book. It was certainly a well-imagined opportunity, and Mrs. Miller has certainly had the power to make more of it; but she apparently did not want to, and the aim and the desire are generally important things in fiction. Mrs. Miller, I suppose, wanted to take a little vacation from the grinding task of proving that women were people, and other such obviousnesses; at any rate, she has taken one, and the result of her dalliance will give the same opportunity to others.

Mr. Stephen Whitman's "Children of Hope" deals with a somewhat similar possibility in rather more serious fashion. A father and his three daughters suddenly get a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars, and go to Europe to spend it. That is perhaps a little more probable than that a man should lease a fine old Southern mansion with four extraordinary servants, but in my (rather limited) view of the world not much more so. Whether more probable or not, it is much less imaginative and more conventional. But just as the one conception (however out of the way) offered Mrs. Miller a chance to give the amusing little narration which she liked to imagine, so does this other conception (however conventional) give Mr. Whitman a chance to pour out a rich and varied store of experience and knowledge of life and love and art and human nature, as well as to express all manner of opinions (mostly satirical) on

* COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN! By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Co.

CHILDREN OF HOPE. By Stephen Whitman. New York: The Century Co.

THE SEED OF THE RIGHTEOUS. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CAPTAIN MARGARET. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

subjects which have interested him. I believe the most wonderful Bokharan rugs and the most delightful thirteenth-century tapestries have very ordinary stuff for woof (or perhaps it is the warp I am thinking of); the wonder and the delight come from the lovely stuffs that are so skilfully woven in and out of the commonplace framework. So I would not make too much of the framework that Mr. Whitman sets up, but would give most attention to the vari-colored, glittering, emotional tapestry that he weaves upon it. Aurelius Goodchild has three lovely daughters, whom he has named after the three Graces, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia. It would seem that they should have been named after some of the Muses instead, although it would have been hard to find the right ones; for the three young ladies, besides being possessed of much personal beauty and charm, had each of them a considerable gift, the one for music, the next for writing, the last for painting. They are all, however, of the clever, easy-going, bohemian type not wholly unknown to previous fiction, and live in very desultory fashion on the outskirts of a town of the central west. Here they get their hundred thousand dollar legacy, and hence their leisurely start for Europe takes place. What are we to think? Do the three lovely daughters get married? Does Aurelius Goodchild lose his hundred thousand dollars? Do they finally return to Zenasville, Ohio? Is there a single reader above the age of twelve who would give or take a bet on the subject? I do not know; I only know that I guessed right from the outset. But what does it matter? The book depends for its interest on its picture of life abroad, chiefly in Florence, on its touching upon a hundred things of interest in the current art and life of to-day,—and also, if rather less, on some of its characters and on the general impression of life and reality that it gives. For however conventional or unconventional the general idea may be, the book certainly gives the impression of reality, and is full of things that (even with so little knowledge of circumstances and situation as I have) one can see are really excellent.

I do not remember whether Mr. Whitman's book has been pronounced "gripping" by competent authorities; it probably has been. I think Miss Juliet Wilbor Tompkins's "The Seed of the Righteous," both in theory and in practice, really takes a good deal of a hold on one,—which I take it is the idea that the word "gripping" may be supposed to convey. From a theoretical standpoint one would say that Miss Tompkins had a better idea than either Mrs. Miller or Mr. Whitman. I do not

know whether there really are any families left by earnest reformers who have the instinctive idea that to raise money for good works is a normal way of making a living; but whether there be or not, the situation does present a sentiment widely existent at the present day,—a sentiment of mingled fineness and blindness, mingled altruism and selfishness, mingled earnestness and conventionality. And that is a very good thing to base a story on,—better, to my mind, than the notion of hiring a house with exceptional servants or that of inheriting wealth and going abroad; because as one reads on, one continually says to oneself: "The thing is so, and one cannot get away from it." In fact, one cannot get away from it, because it is meeting one every day: Burton Crane went off to Virginia where his house was, Aurelius and his daughters went to Florence, but not a day passes that we do not hear from "causes" to which we really owe — any part of our income from one one-hundredth up to ninety-nine.

So that is a good starter. It has its difficulties, however, which come from its excellence. An idea like Mrs. Miller's ought to carry itself; it would be ungracious to say that one could not spoil it, but certainly as soon as one gets well into the book one is amused even at the possibilities that come up, let alone at Mrs. Miller's treatment of them. An idea like Mr. Whitman's certainly would not carry itself; but given Mr. Whitman's well-stocked armory of ideas on life, Europe, art, war, love, it does not seem so very difficult to use them in the opportunity which he has made for himself. But Miss Tompkins's idea, instead of making the matter easier, makes it harder. Suppose it be true that the organization of altruism as a business leads to egotism, that people who are most earnest in the service of others are strangely likely to feel that they have a right to enlist others in the service of themselves,—suppose all that to be true, still it is not easy to imagine just the people, just the situations, that will bring out strongly, effectively, poignantly the rights and wrongs of all concerned. It is here, and especially in her people, that Miss Tompkins has been most successful: I do not feel that the young playwright or the practical cousin are much more than lay-figures; but Mrs. Gage and her two daughters are well-conceived, and on them rests the chief burden.

So the chief work of conceiving before writing is well done. There have been those who when they had thought of a good idea and a good name felt that the thing was substantially finished; and perhaps it was. In this case there is much more done: the idea,

the situation, the people, are all there. In an oft-quoted remark, Tourgueniéff said he was sure (in such a position) that the people would do interesting things. We might well leave Miss Tompkins here, but it is but right to say that she has carried out her idea (i.e. written the book, which some people think an important part of the matter) with much sympathy and much humor. I do not make very much of the plot, but that is rather a minor matter; the rest is quite enough to carry the book.

The first thing to be said of "Captain Margaret" is that it is a story of buccaneer adventure by Mr. John Masefield; and so much being said, many will think it enough, and will go to the book to read for themselves. But for others it might be added that here we have a tale of how, along about 1710 or so, Captain Margaret sailed for the Spanish Main in the "Broken Heart" (with another captain who had been with Coxon, and I believe Morgan too, in their campaigns in the Spanish Main) with the idea that he might do rightly what many had done or were doing wrongly. The story tells what happened to him. Captain Cammack was a true prophet when he said: "He ain't going to do much on the main, if he's going to worry all the time about a young lady." Yet if he failed, it was only as all artists fail,—because his conception was too fine for realization. So far as the absolute exploits themselves are concerned, I confess they remind me of an account of the exploits of Captain Swan of the "Cygnet," of whom it is said: "The history of their cruise is a history of bold incompetence. They landed, and fought, and again landed; but they got very little save a knowledge of geography." And that rather confused impression I take to be "very like the real," as it has been put.

That, at any rate, I take to be Mr. Masefield's ideas, or one of them,—to give us the touch, the feeling, of life. Life as they see it at sea, of course, for it all happens on the "Broken Heart." and most of the people are sailors, except for Stukely and his lovely wife. Captain Margaret is really a poet, Captain Cammack is by way of being "the tarry Buccaneer," Olivia is the lovely lady who gives beauty and charm to men's thoughts. And there are others, too, and we have their life bound together with ties of love and selfishness and indifference and duty, as a novelist will see it. Being by Mr. Masefield, the book is full of feeling for the beauty and the brutality of life, and the beauty also of sea and land. It is not an ordinary story of adventure, or an ordinary story of realism.

If it were either, I should pick flaws in both. But as it is no ordinary story, but instead a poet's story, I think the best thing to do is to try to look at the thing as he looks at it, and if we can get in our minds even a touch of the love of the picturesque, the realism of beauty in attitude and in act, the tenderness for foolishness and wrong, the humor, and the delight at strong action, and the other such things that go to make up Mr. Masefield's view of the world, why, I think we can well enough disregard the dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Ballad criticism in the 18th century.

In publishing Dr. S. B. Hustvedt's monograph on "Ballad Criticism in Scandinavia and Great Britain during the Eighteenth Century," the American-Scandinavian Foundation has manifested hyphenated activity of the kind we like to commend. Besides tracing the marked interdependence of ballad criticism in the several countries during the period designated, Dr. Hustvedt provides us with an instance of the continued relations in scholarship of the English-speaking and the Scandinavian peoples. The standard editions of Danish and British ballads came from the hands of Grundtvig and Child, men who coöperated generously in their monumental labors. By peculiar good fortune, Dr. Hustvedt has received great assistance from the respective successors of these two masters—from Professor Olrik of the University of Copenhagen and Professor Kittredge of Harvard. He presents adequately the mass of material that his subject involves. In Great Britain the advance during the century was more decided. At the outset Addison praised "Chevy Chase," but largely through rules and precedents that he found in the "Æneid"; while the editor of "A Collection of Old Ballads," "the first garner of traditional verse issued in English," concealed the approbation he may have felt behind a mask of levity. Even Percy, supported by the counsel of Shenstone, felt it necessary to improve the old pieces. Ritson and Herd were leaders, however, in an increasing distinction between ballads and other poetry and in a growing reverence for the unchanged text. By the end of the century the normal rather than the abnormal attitude was revealed in Wordsworth's approval of ballad simplicity. In Denmark and Sweden, though progress was slower, the way was prepared for editions of ballads early in the following century. Moreover, Denmark had accomplished far more than Great Britain before the opening of the period under consideration. Beginning with Vedel in 1591, Danish scholars had brought together important editions of ballads, and had obtained considerable insight into the nature of the literary type. The Danish movement was retarded, however, during the first half of the century by the opposition of Holberg, a man who resembled Samuel Johnson in intellectual eminence

and whose conservatism at this point was more effective. The influence of Scandinavian scholarship upon British decreased during the century because the vernacular was supplanting Latin. After Percy's work, British influence upon the Scandinavian countries increased.

*Lake Michigan's
wind-swept
shores.*

Neutral tints and landscapes having no striking features appeal only to the educated eye. To the discerning they have charms surpassing the beauties of gorgeous sunsets and radiant autumn views. Such a lover of nature in her quieter, less obtrusive moods is Mr. Earl H. Reed, artist with pen and pencil of the sandy stretches running back from the shores of Lake Michigan. His latest book, "The Dune Country" (Lane) continues the theme of his earlier work, "The Voices of the Dunes." Expert with the etching needle and the lead pencil, he intersperses his narrative and descriptive matter with sixty illustrations admirably suggestive of the various aspects of nature, animate and inanimate, that have caught his eye in his study of the region. In addition to the endless struggle between shifting sands and a more or less determined vegetation, he gives pictures of the bird life, the animal life, and the human life that he has encountered. Among quaint human types reproduced with pen and pencil are Old Sipes, Happy Cal, Catfish John, Doe Looney, J. Ledyard Symington, and Judge Cassius Blossom. Catfish John sells fish on credit to Dan'l Smith, an inventor, and waits for his pay until Dan'l gets the money that's coming to him from his invention. Meanwhile Dan'l has "got fat settin' 'round an' eatin' everything in sight." Doe Looney is a "yarb man," of moth-eaten appearance and wearing an old pair of smoke-colored spectacles. In the general store of a little village somewhere in "the back country" our attention is caught by several large boxes of plug tobacco conspicuously placarded, "Don't use the nasty stuff." Under a wall-lamp is another legend, "This flue don't smoke, neither should you." Still other inscriptions there are, as, "Credit given only on Sundies, when the store is closed," and "Don't talk about the war—it makes me sick." A philosopher and a sage is Elihu Baxter Brown, the store-keeper. Excellent in its reading matter and its numerous drawings, the book is little short of sumptuous in its plan and execution.

*Present-day
prototypes of
the apostles.*

In "The Twelve Apostolic Types of Christian Men" (Revell), Mr. Edward A. George has written an unusual type of religious book which should prove helpful to a large class of readers. The twelve apostolic types are presented in the persons of the twelve Apostles. The author has gathered in convenient form all that we know of the careers of these twelve men before and after the brief period of their association with Jesus; then, without putting any undue strain upon the text, he has made of them men of the twentieth century. In impetuous Peter, doubting Thomas, prosaic Philip, mystic Nathaniel, Matthew the man of affairs, and the rest,

we recognize our contemporaries. To take the Apostles from their niches in history and art, and to translate them into flesh and blood, was in itself a worthy task; but Mr. George's wide experience as a minister and a broad-minded citizen has enabled him to make some very suggestive comment upon the types of men with whom Jesus surrounded Himself and to whom he committed His cause. His disciples were only average men, and his cause is still in the hands of only average men. Association with a man like Jesus was able to transform such humble and unheroic folk as Galilean fishermen and Jewish tax-gatherers into saints and martyrs. This transformation of character, still operative to-day, is the real miracle of Christianity, and in this miracle we may all take a part. There are many such paragraphs as the following, which contain more help than many a sermon, and enough matter to start the train of profitable reflection:

What a mighty power of Christian coöperation trade associations suggest: If Christian business men should unite in Christian work as they unite in financial enterprises, if they should coöperate as Christians as they coöperate as partners, directors and stockholders, the Church would receive fresh efficiency. Walking by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus called to His service the brothers fishing in one boat, and then a little further the brothers working in another. Can we conceive of Simon and Andrew in the one boat ignorant of or uninterested in the Christianity of James and John in the next? But is this not often the case with us: men in one store knowing nothing of the faith of men in the next, knowing nothing often of the faith of associates at the same desk and behind the same counter? Why should not the apostles of to-day unite in groups of three and four and twelve and one hundred and twenty-five thousand, as business proximity and syndicates bring them together? Why should not Christianity be forwarded in these days by present trios of Peter, James and John, partners in business?

*Humor, the
Devil, and some
other matters.*

With much truth Mr. Stephen Leacock suggests, in his new volume of "Essays and Literary Studies" (Lane), that for everyday, homely purposes of life the theory of the ludicrous still remains undefined even after Schopenhauer has declared such concepts amusing in which there is a subsumption of a double paradox, or after Kant has explained that he found everything exciting laughter in which there is a resolution or deliverance of the absolute captive by the finite. And so, in the introductory paragraphs of an essay on American humor, Mr. Leacock endeavors to find a simple definition "for simple people." Tracing the development of humor as arising out of the want of harmony among things, he determines upon three stages: the humor of discomfiture and destructiveness, that of the incongruous, and (the final and highest type) "a prolonged and sustained conception of the incongruities of human life itself." Tested by his own analysis, the humor that pervades Mr. Leacock's volume as a whole belongs not infrequently to this last stage. In formulating for the college professor a new *apologia pro vita sua*, there is real pathos in the truths that "modern scholar-

ship has poked and pried in so many directions, has set itself to be so ultra-rational, so hyper-sceptical, that now it knows nothing at all," and that our studies "consist only in the long-drawn proof of the futility for the search after knowledge effected by exposing the errors of the past." And is there not something almost Shavian in the thought that it is the Devil (or the fear of him, to be more exact) that for centuries has kept the world straight? "There he stood for ages a simple and workable basis of human morality; an admirable first-hand reason for being good, which needed no ulterior explanation. . . . Humanity, with the Devil to prod it from behind, moved steadily upwards on the path of moral development." More might have been made of the "new" movement of to-day which has supplanted him. Its supporters, in their preoccupation with being wicked, so wicked, fail to realize that an unconscionable interest in morals, bad as well as good, is merely a yielding to the same old-fashioned puritanical instinct which they do all they can to deery.

The story of a second Tuskegee.

In barely a dozen years a Tuskegee graduate regarded by Booker Washington as his foremost graduate, has built up at Utica, Mississippi, a school patterned after that at Tuskegee, and the only one of such schools for colored youth that can be compared with it. From an old log cabin in which the school started in 1904, it has grown, under its founder's unremitting efforts, to an institution having thirty-five instructors, more than five hundred pupils, fourteen buildings, and seventeen hundred acres of land, the entire property being now valued at \$160,000 and every year increasing in extent and value. This is the work of Mr. William H. Holtzelaw, whose account of the undertaking, and also of his own life, is to be found in "The Black Man's Burden" (Neale), a book comparable in character and interest with the autobiographies of Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington. Incidentally, too, it gives a near view of the founder of Tuskegee in the daily routine of his administrative task, and conveys some adequate idea of the great work done and still remaining to be done by leaders and educators like Booker Washington and the author of the book himself. In literary quality the narrative is a credit to its writer, who on entering Tuskegee could not tell in what country he lived, much less the parts of speech, though he hazarded a guess that these were the lips, teeth, tongue, and throat. The volume is well illustrated and has an introduction by Mr. Washington.

Essays on artists and thinkers.

"Is the Artist a Thinker, and the Thinker an Artist?" This is the old but ever fascinating problem brought before us by Professor Louis W. Flaccus of the University of Pennsylvania, in the vivid and thoughtful pages of his book, "Artists and Thinkers" (Longmans). The artist as an unconscious philosopher, be the medium of his thought sculpture or drama or music,—the philosopher as a real creative artist, building like the artist his

vision of the world,—what conception could be more fruitful for a criticism fallen so often into personalities or mere flamboyant impressionism? So these essays on Rodin, Maeterlinck, and Wagner are real intellectual portraits, type-figures relieved against a background rich in allusion, rich in vistas of the whole complex panorama of modern art and thought. No less vividly typical are the philosophers chosen,—Tolstoy, Hegel, Nietzsche,—whose creative self-expressive thought is woven into our very life. And best of all, a fine discrimination is sensed in the construction of these essays, distinctive in thought and pithy in style. One may object that Professor Flaccus has not impaled his butterfly,—settled the tantalizing question of the bond between Artist and Thinker. But after all, such dreadfully definite results are only possible or desirable in the realm of science. Modern art, divine philosophy herself in her new robe of Humanism, are at one in rejecting such absolutism. Their truth is not finality but the infinite problem, not the dead butterfly, but the living fluttering Psyche. Ours too, if like Professor Flaccus we have in us any of the vitality of modern artists and thinkers.

The Bolivians painted in gloomy colors.

An interesting and suggestive contribution to the study of the population of the highlands of Bolivia is embodied in Dr. Alexander A. Adams's "The Plateau Peoples of South America: An Essay in Ethnic Psychology" (Dutton). The sub-title of the book is, however, a misnomer. Rather should it be called "an essay in racial pathology." After a survey of the climatic, social, and political conditions existing in this region, Dr. Adams advances the somewhat startling thesis that the present inhabitants of the Bolivian plateau are not only incapable of further progress but show marked tendencies toward degeneration. The influence of geographic environment, the deadening and stupefying effects of the high altitude, the small productivity of the soil, combined with isolation from the outside world, have brought about a condition of arrested development, at least as regards the Indian population. Such seemingly progressive factors of Bolivia as her railways, electric trams in the cities, schools, hospitals, etc., are at best merely incidental rather than fundamental features in the country's progress. The bulk of the population is quite unaffected by these foreign importations, the trappings of a civilization in which they have neither part nor lot. Symptoms of degeneration, according to the author, are also present; the most striking of these are intellectual deficiency, imperfect nutrition, abuse of toxic agents, particularly the cocoa leaf, and sexual irregularities. Conditions, instead of improving, are growing steadily worse. The picture which he draws of the future of Bolivia is gloomy in the extreme. Dr. Adams's contentions, though skilfully advanced and buttressed with considerable evidence, are only partially convincing. Conditions are really not as parlous in Bolivia as he would have us believe. The steady economic progress of the country, combined with increasing educational facilities and protective legislation for the Indians, must inev-

itably tend to raise the status of the population, and in the long run react favorably on the racial stamina of the Bolivians. Yet Dr. Adams's book has a distinct value, if only as an antidote to those hastily written and roseate impressions of South America with which we are all too familiar.

BRIEFER MENTION.

An attractive and practical new school edition of "The Hudson Shakespeare" (Ginn) is in course of publication, nine volumes being now at hand. The notes and introductions retain all the valuable features of Dr. Hudson's work, and have been revised, where necessary, and brought in accord with the latest results of Shakespearean scholarship. The earlier edition has been tested by so many years of service that a warm welcome for the new series is a foregone conclusion.

To "Longmans' Pocket Library," which now contains so much of William Morris's work in well-printed and inexpensive form, has recently been added "The Pilgrims of Hope," the narrative poem with Socialistic background which Morris contributed to "The Commonweal" in 1885-6. Although this poem has long been available in Mr. Mosher's handsome edition, the present reprint should find a wide circle of readers who could not afford the Mosher volume. It has also the advantage of including Morris's stirring "Chants for Socialists."

The latest of the always welcome special numbers put forth by "The International Studio" (Lane) is devoted to "London: Old and New." Its main purpose is "to picture various aspects of our contemporary London . . . through the diverse visions of a number of artists who happen to have found in London subjects a pictorial appeal which happily enlists also the topographer's interest, and to contrast these essentially modern impressions with the views and picturings of the earlier London." This purpose is carried out by means of nearly one hundred and fifty plates (including eight in color), reproduced and printed in irreproachable style. A few brief chapters of text by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman supply a pleasant background of fact and comment.

Recent additions to the series of "Oxford Garlands," so skilfully edited by Mr. R. M. Leonard, comprise the following: "Modern Lays and Ballads," "Elegies and Epitaphs," "Poems on Animals," "Songs for Music," and "Epigrams." Particularly welcome is the last-named volume, which gives us a gleaming from the entire field of epigrammatic verse in English, ranging from the honied amatory to the venomous political. One would like to fill a page or two with quotations from this delectable little anthology; but we will content ourselves (apropos of M. Jusserand's new volume) with this specimen of Canon Ainger's neat wit:

A Frenchman, straying into English fields
Of letters, seldom has a *locus standi*.
But if there's one to whom objection yields,
'Tis Jusserand—he has the *jus errandi*.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"Memoirs of a Physician," by Vikenty Veresayev, is announced for publication this month by Mr. Alfred Knopf.

A new volume of verse by Mr. J. C. Squire, entitled "The Survival of the Fittest, and Other Poems," is nearly ready for publication.

Among the forthcoming publications of the University of Chicago Press will be a volume of "Essays in Experimental Logic," by Professor John Dewey.

"The Hermit Doctor of Gaya" is the title of a new love story of modern India, by Miss I. A. R. Wylie, which Messrs. Putnam announce for publication this month.

Mr. George Moore's forthcoming novel, "The Brook Kerith," which was announced in these columns several months ago, will soon be issued in this country by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Boyd Cable, whose "Between the Lines" has already gone through many editions, has a companion volume nearly ready continuing his vivid impressions of the war under the title of "Action Front."

Miss Betham-Edwards, whose first novel appeared fifty-eight years ago, will soon issue a new romance entitled "Hearts of Alsace," a tale founded on the tragedy of French life under Prussian rule.

It is sixteen years since a new novel appeared from the pen of Sir Frederick Wedmore. Early next month he will have a new novel ready entitled "Brenda Walks On"—a story of the English stage of to-day.

Two midsummer volumes to be issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. are "Tish," a collection of short stories by Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, and "The Unspeakable Perk," a novel by Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Early next month the Oxford University Press will publish "Sir Walter Raleigh: Selections from his 'History of the World,' Letters, and Other Writings," edited, with notes and an introduction, by Mr. G. E. Hadow.

Mr. William W. Ellsworth, who recently resigned from the presidency of The Century Co. after thirty-seven years of service, will next autumn make a lecturing tour of the country, his subject being "Publishing and Literature."

The second volume of Mr. W. B. Bryan's comprehensive "History of the National Capital" will be published at once by the Macmillan Co. This new volume gives a detailed account of Washington during the years 1815-1878.

Mr. Horace A. Vachell's new story, "The Triumph of Tim"—the longest novel he has yet produced—will be published this month. The scenes are laid in England, California, and Brittany, and many of the incidents which he depicts are autobiographical.

"Ian Hay" (Captain Beith) has written a sequel to his "First Hundred Thousand," which has proved one of the most popular of recent war

books. "Carry On" is the title of the forthcoming volume, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Alice Brown's new novel, scheduled for publication next month by the Macmillan Co., is entitled "The Prisoner," and deals with the career of a brilliant young man after his release from prison where he has been sent because of a false step.

Among other publications announced for early issue by Messrs. Appleton are: "Americanism—What It Is," by Dr. David Jayne Hill; "The Tide of Immigration," by Dr. Frank Julian Warne; and "Vocational Psychology," by Dr. Harry Levi Hollingworth.

"Love, Worship, and Death," some renderings from the Greek anthology by Sir Rennell Rodd, will shortly appear. It is described as "the sole and grateful distraction of the British Ambassador at Rome during the period of ceaseless work and intense anxiety in the tragic years of 1914 and 1915."

The new edition of "The Breadwinners" (a book published more than thirty years ago), which Messrs. Harper & Brothers will shortly bring out, will for the first time bear on the title page the name of the author, John Hay. Mr. Hay's son contributes a preface telling how his father came to write the story.

Subscribers to Dr. Elroy M. Avery's "History of the United States" will be glad to know that a detailed Index to the seven volumes of the History now ready has just been published by Mr. William Abbatt, of Tarrytown, New York. The Index is uniform in size and appearance with the volumes of the History.

Professor Chester Lloyd Jones has prepared a study of "Caribbean Interests of the United States," which will be published by Messrs. Appleton. The author treats of the varied phases of recent Caribbean development, social, political, and economic, especially as they bear upon the United States and its future policy.

Among other forthcoming publications of Messrs. Longmans are: "A Physician in France," by Sir Wilmot Herringham; "Serbia in Shadow and Light," by the Rev. Nicolai Velimerovic, D.D.; "Promotion of Learning in India," by Narendranath Law, M. A.; and "Black and White in South-East Africa," by Mr. Maurice S. Evans.

The first number of "The American Proof-reader," devoted (as the prospectus states) "to the interests of the correcting profession," will be issued June 1 by Mr. Jacob Backes, 121 Bible House, New York. It is said that this will be the first periodical of its kind ever published, and we believe it should find a wide field of usefulness.

The following volumes will be published at an early date by Messrs. Crowell: "The Life of Heinrich Conreid," by Mr. Montrose J. Moses; "Mastering the Books of the Bible," by Professor Robert A. Armstrong; "Reflections of a Cornfield Philosopher," by Mr. E. W. Helms; and "A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Miss Charlotte Eaton.

"Personality in German Literature" is the title of a new book by Professor Kuno Francke an-

nounced for publication in June by the Harvard University Press. From the same press will come "Genetics and Eugenics," by Professor William E. Castle, and Professor George Lyman Kittredge's address on Shakespeare delivered on the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's death.

"Shakespeare's England: Being an Account of the Life and Manners of his Age," which the Oxford University Press hopes to have ready in two volumes early next month, will include an "Ode on the Tercentenary Commemoration," by Robert Bridges; a preface by Sir Walter Raleigh, who also contributes a chapter on "The Age of Elizabeth"; and forty odd sections by various authorities on practically every aspect of the world in which Shakespeare lived. Sir John Sandys contributes two chapters, one on "Education: Schools and School Books, Universities, etc.," and the other on "Scholarship: Chroniclers and Historians, Scholars and Translators"; Professor C. H. Firth deals with "Ballads"; Dr. Henry Bradley with "Shakespeare's English"; Sir Sidney Lee with "Bearbaiting"; D. Nicol Smith with "Authors and Patrons"; R. B. McKerrow with "Booksellers, Printers, and the Stationers' Trade"; Dr. H. B. Wheatley with "London and the Life of the Town"; Percy Macquoid with "Costume" and "The Home"; Lionel H. Cust with "Painting"; Charles Whibley with "Rogues and Vagabonds"; Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer with "Plants"; Mr. Barclay Squire with "Music"; and Mr. C. T. Onions, under whose general editorship the whole work has been seen through the press, with "Animals."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 71 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Woodrow Wilson:** The Man and His Work. By Henry Jones Ford. With portrait, 12mo, 333 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Irish Orators:** A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom. By Claude G. Bowers. Illustrated, 12mo, 527 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
- Nationality in Modern History.** By J. Holland Rose. Litt. D. 12mo, 202 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- The Autobiography and Letters of Matthew Vassar.** Edited by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. With portraits, 8vo, 216 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2.
- Samuel W. McCall,** Governor of Massachusetts. By Laurence B. Evans. Illustrated, 12mo, 242 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.
- Biographical and Literary Studies.** By Charles Joseph Little; edited and arranged by Charles Macaulay Stuart. With photogravure portrait. 12mo, 352 pages. The Abingdon Press. \$1.25.
- Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker:** An Appreciation. By Helen Knox. Illustrated, 12mo, 192 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- On the Art of Writing.** By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A. 12mo, 302 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Shakespearean Studies.** By members of the department of English and Comparative Literature in Columbia University; edited by Brander Matthews and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Large 8vo, 452 pages. Columbia University Press. \$2.25.
- Vision and Vesture:** A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought. By Charles Gardner. 12mo, 226 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome. By Clarence Eugene Boyd. 8vo, 77 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$1.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

April Airs: A Book of New England Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. 16mo, 75 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.

New Poetry Series. New volumes: *Roads*, by Grace Fallow Norton, 75 cts.; *Goblins and Pagodas*, by John Gould Fletcher, 75 cts.; *Some Imagist Poets, 1916*, an annual anthology, 75 cts.; *A Song of the Guna*, by Gilbert Frankau, R.S.A., 50 cts. Each 12mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Paper.

The Victory: Poems of Triumph. By Charles Keeler. 12mo, 129 pages. Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.

Chicago Poems. By Carl Sandburg. 12mo, 183 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Rajani: Songs of the Night. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. 12mo, 78 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.

Punishment: A Play in Four Acts. By Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt; with introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. 12mo, 127 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.

Cowboy Songs, and other Frontier Ballads. Collected by John A. Lomax, M.A.; with introduction by Barrett Wendell. New edition; 12mo, 414 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50.

The Road to Everywhere. By Glenn Ward Dressbach. 12mo, 75 pages. The Gorham Press. \$1.

Including You and Me. By Strickland Gillilan. 12mo, 191 pages. Forbes & Co. \$1.

Wintergreen. By Marvin Manam Sherrick. 12mo, 74 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.

FICTION.

The Proof of the Pudding. By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated, 12mo, 373 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.

The Road to Mecca. By Florence Irwin. 12mo, 422 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.35.

The Finding of Jasper Holt. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 272 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

The Daredevil. By Maria Thompson Daviess. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 344 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.35.

The Strange Cases of Mason Brant. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 304 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

The House of War. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 12mo, 307 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25.

Jaunty in Charge. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. 12mo, 335 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.

The Round-About. By J. E. Buckrose. 12mo, 282 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

The Cruise of the Jasper B. By Don Marquis. 12mo, 319 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30.

Behind the Screen. By William Almon Wolff. Illustrated, 12mo, 321 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

Chapel: The Story of a Welsh Family. By Miles Lewis. 12mo, 344 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.35.

Ice-Boat Number One. By Leslie W. Quirk. Illustrated, 12mo, 325 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Rambles in the Vaudese Alps. By F. S. Salisbury. Illustrated, 12mo, 154 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.

A Woman in the Wilderness. By Winifred James. 8vo, 291 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2.

Russian and Nomad: Tales of the Kirghiz Steppes. By E. Nelson Fell. Illustrated, 8vo, 201 pages. Duffield & Co. \$2.

Present-Day China: A Narrative of a Nation's Advance. By Gardner L. Harding. Illustrated, 16mo, 250 pages. Century Co. \$1.

Glimpses of Our National Parks. By Franklin K. Lane. Illustrated, 8vo, 48 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office. Paper.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

Our Chief Magistrate and His Powers. By William Howard Taft. 12mo, 165 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50.

Pittsburgh: A Sketch of Its Early Social Life. By Charles W. Dahlinger. Illustrated, 12mo, 216 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Criminality and Economic Conditions. By William Adrian Bongor; translated by Henry F. Horton, with preface by Edward Lindsey and introduction by Frank H. Norcross. Large 8vo, 706 pages. "Modern Criminal Science Series." Little, Brown & Co. \$5.50.

The German Spirit. By Kuno Francke. 12mo, 132 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.

History and Procedure of the House of Representatives. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. 8vo, 435 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

Industrial Arbitration. By Carl H. Mote. 12mo, 351 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

The Butter Industry in the United States: An Economic Study of Butter and Oleomargarine. By Edward Wiest, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 264 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, \$2.

Civilization and Womanhood. By Harriet B. Bradbury. 12mo, 229 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.

Railroad Valuation and Rates. By Mark Wymond. 12mo, 339 pages. Chicago: Wymond & Clark.

THE GREAT WAR.—ITS PROBLEMS AND CONSEQUENCES.

Preparedness: The American versus the Military Programme. By William I. Hull, Ph.D. 8vo, 271 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

Imperial America. By John Callan O'Loughlin, LL.D. 8vo, 264 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.50.

The Rise of Rail-Power in War and Conquest, 1833-1914. By Edwin A. Pratt. 8vo, 405 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

Our Military History: Its Facts and Fallacies. By Leonard Wood. With portrait, 16mo, 240 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.

EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

American University Progress and College Reform Relative to School and Society. By James H. Baker. 12mo, 189 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.

The Psychology of the Common Branches. By Frank Nugent Freeman, Ph.D. 12mo, 275 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

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Education among the Jews. By Paul E. Kretzmann, Ph.D. 12mo, 98 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.

Plant Anatomy and Handbook of Micro-Technic. By William Chase Stevens. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated, 8vo, 399 pages. P. Blakiston's Son & Co. \$2.50.

The Chief European Dramatists: Twenty-One Plays. Selected and edited by Brander Matthews. 8vo, 786 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75.

The Printing Trades. By Frank L. Shaw. Illustrated, 16mo, 95 pages. Cleveland, Ohio: Survey Committee of the Cleveland Foundation.

A Book of Victorian Poetry and Prose. Compiled by Mrs. Hugh Walker. 12mo, 257 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 90 cts.

The Playground Book. By Harry Sperling, B.S. Illustrated, 4to, 105 pages. A. S. Barnes Co. \$1.80.

The Brief: With Selections for Briefing. By Carroll Lewis Maxcy, M.A. 12mo, 332 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Children's Songs of City Life. Words by Anna Phillips See; music by Sidney Dorlon Lowe. Large 8vo, 63 pages. A. S. Barnes Co. \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of Continental Criminal Law. By Carl Ludwig von Bar and others; translated by Thomas S. Bell and others. Large 8vo, 561 pages. "Continental Legal History Series." Little, Brown & Co. \$4.

Home University Library. New volumes: *Political Thought in England, the Utilitarians from Bentham to J. S. Mill*, by William L. Davidson, LL.D.; *Poland*, by W. Alison Phillips, M.A.; *Dante*, by Jefferson Butler Fletcher, A.M. Each 16mo. Henry Holt & Co. Per volume, 50 cts.

Annals of the Chicago Woman's Club for the First Forty Years of Its Organization, 1876-1916. Compiled by Henriette Greenbaum Frank and Amalie Hofer Jerome. With portrait, 8vo, 339 pages. Chicago Woman's Club.

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Professor Huskins. By Lettie M. Cummings. 12mo, 306 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.